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they were passing through the garden, the little child left his play and ran and caught hold of the cure's robes, crying—"where are you going? *Monsieur de cure*—Where are you going?"

"I am going to Lyons," said the cure.

"You are going to Lyons, are you?—and will you not buy me a drum—or a picture book—no! no! bring me a rosary."

"I will," said the old man bursting into tears, for he could not bear to tell the child of his heart that he never should come back again! They marched the poor man to Lyons—thence into a prison cell, and when the bright, beautiful morning came, they led him up to the scaffold *and he was beheaded!*

D. W. B.

Avon, Ct.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY A. G. COMINGS.

England and the United States had been enemies. As such, they had contended with fierce death-weapons. Many thousands of men, the hardy, the young and the brave, had dropt their mangled forms upon the gory fields of war-strife.

Commissioners to conclude a treaty of peace had been laboring for full twenty months, when, on the twenty-fourth of December a treaty of peace was concluded, and duly signed. The two nations ceased to be enemies. They became friends. They took each other by hand, and mutually vowed to live in peace and love.

Thus peace prevailed upon one side of the Atlantic, while war frowned upon the other. The western world had been the theatre of war, while the eastern had been chosen as the place for peace negotiations.

The daughters, the sisters, and the mothers, of England, whose fathers, whose brothers, or whose sons, bore in America the weapons and endured the dangers of war, exulted and shouted for joy, that peace had prevailed; and they rejoiced that the dear ones, for whom their hearts beat with high and noble affection, would soon come back to receive their embraces of love.

The ship which was to bear the news that the two nations were friends—that Englishmen and Americans were no longer enemies,—spread her sails to catch the soft breeze that might offer to advance the great mission of good-will. As she cleared for America, the secret whisperings of the excited hearts that beat in the bosoms of thousands of England's fairest daughters, breathed a soft but earnest "*God speed the ship.*"

On the American side of the broad Atlantic, the lion still roared for the battle, and the eagle whetted her talons for the strife. The daughters of America stood terrified at the scene. The two armies knew not that they had become friends.

The angel of peace grew impatient; but the winds would not do more than gently to urge forward the bearer of that marriage-covenant of peace.

Time cast away her golden moments, as the two armies of treaty-made friends prepared for the work of hatred and enmity. Ignorant of the great fact that they had ceased to be enemies, they moved on as those under the guidance of some evil demon, to kill and destroy each other.

The winds but lazily helped that ship; and as they refused to aid, they sung beforehand the sad requiem over thousands of soldier-graves. No lightning-messenger, nor even steam-helped carrier, aided the great work. Lazy, and slow, and indifferent to human good, the winds worked at times, and at times they refused to work.

Two full weeks had passed away after the treaty of peace was signed, when those living forms of the loved ones upon whose speedy and safe return England's loving daughters dwelt with joyous hope, went out by thousands to cast their bodies down for burial.

The lion roared and the eagle screamed, and terrible was the flow of blood that followed.

Victory, it is true, but victory with no possible benefits, fell to the Americans. Before their deadly fire, thousands of friends, still supposed to be enemies, melted away into the deep bosom of death. Over the scene, let memory only wait to weep; and meditation, to consider the dreadful folly of war.

The rejoicings for peace, by those who expected the return of their loved ones to England's shores, were turned to burning anguish, when they saw how the blind madness of war puts out the eyes of peace.

Whatever there might have been of that which warriors commend, in the directing of the battle of New Orleans, the simple fact that peace had been agreed upon before it, should prevent all persons who possess the least feeling of humanity, from indulging any spirit of exultation, over the dreadful scene of the eighth of January. To every man who possesses a benevolent heart, it was a dreadful event; entirely needless and profitless; viewed in any light it can be. To every Christian, it should appear as a fair emblem of war—the consequence of a mad supposition of enmity, where indeed there neither is any, nor even cause for any.